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VOL. 54—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY.
The Programme will include: Suite in B minor, for strings and flute (J. S. Bach), first time at these Concerts (Flute *obligato*—Mr Alfred Wells); Piano-forte Concerto in D minor (John Francis Barnett), first time at these Concerts; Symphony in E flat (Mozart); Overture, *Masaniello* (Auber). Vocalists—Mdlle Johanna Levier, Mr Shakespeare. Piano-forte—Miss Emma Barnett. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN. Admission, One Shilling. Stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; reserved seats, 1s.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—SATURDAY AFTERNOON
POPULAR CONCERT, SATURDAY, Feb. 20th. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mr Henry Guy, and M. Laserre. Symphony in B flat (Schumann); Concerto, violoncello (Saint-Saëns), first time; Overture, "Forest Maiden" (G. Osborne). Second Part, Miscellaneous. Part Songs of Bishop, S. Webbe, Clement Smith, and Hill, by the Alexandra Palace Choir. Increased Orchestra. Conductor—Mr H. WEISER HILL. Numbered stalls, 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; or transferable ticket to 3s. 6d. stalls for Series, 12s.; reserved seats, 1s. Admission, One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.
WEDNESDAY next, at Eight o'clock. Artists—Mme Sherrington, Mme Edith Wynne, Mme Patey, Mme Osborne Williams, and the Sisters Badia; Mr Sims Reeves, Mr Edward Lloyd, Signor Foll, and Mr Maybrick. Piano-forte—Signor Tennaro Bisaccia. The London Vocal Union (from St Paul's), under the direction of Mr Walker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr MEYER LUTZ. Stalls, 6s.; family tickets to admit four, 21s.; balcony, 3s.; area, 3s. and 2s.; gallery and orchestra, One Shilling. To be had of Austin, St James's Hall; Boosey & Co., 295, Regent Street; and of the usual Agents.

FRIDAY NEXT.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.—
Conductor—Sir MICHAEL COSTA.—FRIDAY next, Feb. 25th, at Half-past Seven, BEETHOVEN'S MASS in C and "MOUNT OF OLIVES." Madame Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton; Mr Henry Guy and Mr Lewis Thomas. Organist—Mr Willing. Tickets, 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d.

BRIGHTON.—MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—

MONDAY Evening, Feb. 21st: Selection of Popular Music. Vocalist—Mdlle Liebhart. Conductor—Mr Kuhe. TUESDAY Evening, Feb. 22nd: Sterndale Bennett's Overture, "Paradise and the Peri"; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony; Mr Allen's new Gavotte (composed expressly for this Festival); Weber's Polonaise, with Liszt's orchestral accompaniments—Mr Kuhe. Solo Violin—M. Sainton. Solo Violoncello—Mr H. Chipp. Vocalist—Mdlle Johanna Levier. Conductor—Mr Arthur Sullivan. WEDNESDAY Morning, Feb. 23rd: Overtures, Schumann's "Genoëva," Sullivan's "In Memoriam," Mr G. A. Osborne's new Festival Overture (composed expressly for this Festival); Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony; Mozart's Concerto, C major—Mr Kuhe; Beethoven's Concerto—M. Sainton. Conductor—Mr A. Sullivan. THURSDAY Evening, Feb. 24th: Mendelssohn's Oratorio, "Elijah." Mesdames Blanche Cole, A. Vernon, A. Butterworth, and Antoinette Sterling; Messrs E. Lloyd, Sauvage, G. Gooch, and Wadmore. Conductor—Mr Taylor. SATURDAY Morning, Feb. 26th: Mr Arthur Sullivan's Oratorio, "The Light of the World" (kindly conducted by the Composer). Mesdames Edith Wynne, A. Vernon, and Patey; Messrs W. H. Cummings, Wadmore, and Sims Reeves. MONDAY Evening, Feb. 28th, conclusion of the Festival: Haydn's Oratorio, "The Creation." Mme Lemmens-Sherrington; Messrs E. Lloyd and Lewis Thomas. Conductor—Mr Kuhe.

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MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, Harley Street, W.—SECOND
SESSION, 1876-6. FIFTH MONTHLY MEETING, MONDAY, March 6th. At 5 p.m. punctually, a Paper will be read by Dr W. H. STONE, F.R.C.P., M.A.: "On Standards of Musical Pitch," with Experiments. Election of New Members at 4.30. CHARLES K. SALAMAN, Hon. Sec.

MUSICAL ASSOCIATION, 27, Harley Street, W.—
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The HALF LENT TERM will commence on THURSDAY, the 2nd March, and will terminate on Saturday, the 15th of April.

Candidates for admission can be examined at the Institution at Eleven o'clock, on Thursday, the 24th inst.

The next STUDENTS' CONCERT, open to Subscribers, Members, and Associates, will take place at St JAMES'S HALL, on SATURDAY Evening, the 26th inst., commencing at Eight o'clock. Conductor—Mr WALTER MACFARREN.

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MR GERARD COVENTRY will sing ASCHER'S "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Lisgar, on the 25th inst.

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MRS OSGOOD begs to announce that she has made arrangements to stay in England until the Spring of next year, and requests that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS may be addressed to 9, St Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, W.

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MR KUHE'S MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From the Daily Telegraph.)

February 16th.

Brighton entered last night upon a fortnight of concerts with a zest which, while it spoke much for the disposition of the inhabitants to encourage music in its higher forms, must also have had the effect of reassuring Mr Kuhe as to the consequences of his renewed venture. This result is one with which every amateur can sympathise, because it is no mean thing for a single professor to establish and carry on a festival such as elsewhere taxes the energy and enterprise of a community. Pluck is supposed to be dear to the British heart, and Mr Kuhe exhibits the quality in so great perfection, that we are all concerned to see him have his reward. The prospects of the festival are at present satisfactory, and no cause for doubt of success exists; while the opening performance, well-attended as it was by a fashionable and appreciative audience, gave earnest that the hopes entertained will be fully justified by results.

The programme of last night was miscellaneous, and contained much variety, but—true to the principle which has guided this festival since its foundation—music of classical character had predominance. Mr Kuhe recognises the fact that it is easy to ensure failure by going over the heads of his public; but he does not forget that it is the business of an artist to advance his art—and hence the large share of attention he invariably pays to the works of the masters. The "scheme" was headed on the present occasion by the overture to *Der Freyschutz*, always a safe card to play, and one that cannot be played too often as a brilliant example of the fact that imaginative and descriptive music need not in any way depart from the principles which genius has consecrated. The overture, led by M. Sainton, and conducted by Mr Kuhe, who was applauded on making his appearance, went with spirit, opening the festival in capital style. The quaint "Banquet dance," from Sullivan's music to the *Tempest*, followed, and made its never-failing impression, having indeed to be repeated by general desire. Mr Sullivan has written nothing more engaging and beautiful than this portion of his earliest work. Mendelssohn's Rondo in B minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, came next in order, the solo instrument being taken by the conductor, who had temporarily handed his baton over to Mr. R. Taylor. Not a word need be said of a composition so familiar, and equally unnecessary is it to state how a well-known artist like Mr Kuhe interpreted the solo. Enough that the audience recognised the merits of both, and appeared thoroughly to enjoy the performance. Beethoven's Violin Romance in F served to introduce M. Sainton, who was in his best mood, and played the delicious inspiration with a delicacy and refinement which, while always characteristic of the French virtuoso, were now specially exhibited. A piece abounding in *tours de force* of a more obvious character would perhaps have elicited greater applause; but nothing could have better served to demonstrate M. Sainton's possession of the highest qualities that go to make an executive artist. The first part ended with Haydn's Symphony in G—that known as "Letter V," but more generally identified by its broadly phrased and most melodious Largo in D major. The performance of this work was a real treat. Connoisseurs enjoyed it because the good old master, even in his lightest mood, never forgets what his art expects from him, and the public enjoyed it because it spoke to them in the intelligible language of pure melody. Nothing would be easier than to enlarge upon this charming work; but its commentary was found in the profound attention paid to every movement by everybody present. Over the second part we can lightly pass. It comprised an orchestral selection from *L'Etoile du Nord*, the "Tyrolienne" of Donizetti, the Gavotte in *Mignon*, a fantasia for flute played by Mr Radcliff, and the overture to Auber's *La Sirène*. The vocalist was Madame Rose Hersee, who distinguished herself greatly in Mozart's "Deh Vieni," which we do not often hear sung with greater expression or in a more refined and appropriate style. The second concert will take place to-morrow afternoon.

February 17th.

The first morning concert of this festival given at Brighton yesterday took higher ground than that of the previous night, every piece in the programme ranking as classic. This, however, did not prevent a large audience from filling the area of the dome, while it had a

good deal to do with the display of much more enthusiasm than is commonly shown at daylight entertainments. In point of fact, the concert was a thoroughly good one, drew the right sort of people together, and achieved an indisputable success.

Only one of the chosen works could fairly be put down as unfamiliar to amateurs, but that one had a special interest, arising not merely out of its own worth, but from the presence of its composer. We refer to Sir Julius Benedict's overture to the *The Minstrel*, which there is reason to believe has not, through some unaccountable oversight, been heard in public since it was played nine years ago at a Norwich Festival. The work is the prelude to an opera, the libretto of which, written by Mr Palgrave Simpson, and founded upon an incident connected with the Peasant's War, has been partially set to music by Sir Julius. One act, we believe, was finished long before the completion of the overture in 1866, but since then, owing to the hopeless condition of English opera, it has been laid aside. Better times, in all likelihood, are coming, and we do not despair of seeing *The Minstrel* a finished work. Meanwhile, in the overture, the score of which is now published, we have one of its composer's most effective productions. Characterised by delicious tunefulness, boldness of conception, suggested power and masterly orchestration, the prelude to *The Minstrel* deserved a high place in the repertory of our concert rooms. This was the verdict of the Brighton audience, who, after a good performance, recalled the composer amid applause unmistakable in its unanimity and heartiness. We ought to value the continued presence amongst us of a musician able to write so noble a work, and the severest reflection upon the state of our lyric stage lies in the fact that the opera it was intended to introduce remains a fragment through no fault of the author, but simply because he has a justifiable objection to labour in vain.

Turning to the familiar items in yesterday afternoon's programme, we have first to note that Spohr's favourite overture to *Jessonda* opened the concert. The music of the great Cassel violinist, as compared with its once enormous popularity, has gone out of fashion, but there are some works from his pen which could never lose their hold upon public regard, and among these is the *Jessonda* overture. It exemplifies the master's highest qualities; and even Spohr's mannerisms seem to fit in exactly with its character as a beautiful and finished work of art. The overture had a careful rendering by Mr Kuhe's excellent band, the members of which played together with a unity of spirit and intention competent to make amends for greater shortcomings that are now and then apparent. The other purely orchestral works were Mozart's Symphony in G and the *Ruy Blas* overture of Mendelssohn, both too well known for comment. We have heard the symphony to more advantage, the finale especially; but, *per contra*, the trio—a lovely and delicate flower of music—was charmingly rendered, and gave the "wind" players an opportunity to show the good stuff of which they are made. No fewer than three instrumental soloists took part in the concert—among them Mlle Marie Krebs, whose contributions were Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, No. 3, and Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, for pianoforte alone. The accomplished young pianist's choice playing of the concerto could not be impugned, for, if the C minor have not the distinctive beauty of the G major or the symphonic grandeur of the E flat, it is second only to those examples of Beethoven's more matured genius. Mlle Krebs was fully equal to the demands of the work upon her. Her conception and interpretation of the opening allegro was surprisingly broad and powerful, while her rendering of both the largo and the joyous rondo finale must have satisfied even those who, when Beethoven is concerned, are disposed to be hypercritical. Mlle Krebs is a great pianist, but rarely has she risen to the requirements of a noble work more fully than on this occasion. Of her performance in Chopin's scherzo we need not speak further than is necessary to say that full effect was given to the composer's peculiar genius. The adagio and rondo from Weber's clarinet concerto in F minor enabled Mr Lazarus to demonstrate once more the union in himself of perfect mechanism with the spirit of a genuine artist. Many a singer of rank may learn from the phrasing and expression of this excellent performer on a difficult instrument, and no amateur who heard Weber's slow movement will soon forget the beauty of its rendering. M. Dubrucq was hardly less successful in an air with variations for the oboe by Verroust. The vocalist, Miss Adela Vernon, is a *débutante* from the academy over which Mad. Sainton-Dolby presides, and upon which the young soprano promises to throw no common lustre. Miss Vernon's very natural nervousness affected her delivery of "Non mi dir," but in the scene from the opening act of *La Traviata* she achieved a marked, and indeed rare, success. Her voice is not powerful, but its pure quality, singular flexibility, and uncommon range confer a distinction of the highest value. The young lady, moreover, sings with taste and skill, so that when in the climax of the cabaletta she reached and sustained the F with ease and clearness,

the audience were justified in a display of enthusiasm not often elicited by a novice. We shall hear more of Miss Vernon, and that soon.

The next concert takes place this evening, when the novelty of the festival, Mr Barnett's cantata, *The Good Shepherd*, will be produced.

MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Donizetti's opera, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, always a favourite work here, has been drawing large and delighted audiences at the Royal Operahouse. It certainly would not have done so if it had depended on Herr Sleich, who was about as uninteresting a Tonio as I ever saw; or on Herr Salomon, who gave us a Sergeant Sulpice as dull as ditch water. Both composer and librettist had scant justice done them by these gentlemen. What then has rendered the present revival more than ordinarily attractive? The answer is: Miss Minnie Hauk as Marie. The public are enraptured with her; and well they may be. Anything more vivacious, dashing, yet maidenly and ladylike it is difficult to conceive. The fair young American *prima donna* has, by this impersonation, added ever so many leaves to the already large laurel wreath with which she has encircled her head since her arrival in this capital. The pieces introduced by her in the second act were the "Echolied," composed by Eckert for Henrietta Sonntag, an Italian Romance, and a Waltz by Sig. Ardit. The public, who were worked up to perfect fever heat, testified, by unstinted applause, showers of bouquets and enthusiastic recalls, their gratification at Miss Hauk's efforts, or, rather, performance, for, of efforts, there was not the faintest trace. Everything was easy, natural, and spontaneous.

Yet will it be believed? There is a probability that the charming young artist will, on the expiration of her present engagements, cease to belong to the company. Why? you will ask, ah! why, indeed? Because she is too popular; because her success has been too great for certain of her colleagues, who begrudge her the position she has so deservedly achieved. The members of the Imperial Family are as great admirers of her as the critics and the general public. A few days since, she had the especial honour of being invited to a musical Soirée given by the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess. At the close of the entertainment, the Princess presented her talented guest with a magnificent locket set in brilliants, and, the next day, wrote her a utographic letter of thanks. All this is wormwood to certain dull mediocrities, who find themselves cast into the shade by the fair young foreigner. If my information be correct—and I derive it from the most unimpeachable sources—there is a strong feeling against her in the Theatre, and she is subjected to a series of petty annoyances and ambiguous ill-disguised slights which disgrace those who are guilty of them. The only hope left is based upon the well-known energy and decision of Herr von Hülsen, the Intendant-General. He, perhaps, may yet set matters right. "Why," as one critic justly enquires, "should the fresh voices leave us and the worn out voices remain? It would be natural and desirable were the process reversed."

Apropos of worn-out, or "sung-out" voices, there are, as a rule, rather too many of them at the Royal Operahouse. It strikes me that such will continue to be the case, as long as the present system of life-long engagements exists. In virtue of life-long engagements, as they are called, an artist is bound to sing as long as the state of his voice will permit, and when his voice is gone he retires upon a pension. That such engagements work well for the artist is, no doubt, true, but whether they are equally advantageous to art, and calculated to increase the enjoyment of the public, is quite another question. For the sake of saving a pension, Intendants are apt to keep a veteran lagging on the stage from which he should long since have disappeared. These thoughts were suggested by an article which was published in the *Art Musical* the other day, and which has created a deal of indignation here. Speaking of the life-long engagement of Mdle Lilli Lehmann, the French paper remarks: "With such a system, the public end by having a theatre of invalids, and we by no means assert the Berlin Operahouse to be unworthy of the title." The writer then goes on to give an imaginary list of the ailments which must fall to the lot of the artists when their professional career is somewhat advanced. Hereupon the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* retorts:

"That such engagements adopted, with the gracious approbation

of his Majesty the Emperor, by the Intendant, are productive of great blessings, being intended not only to secure for the Theatre artists while in their prime and the full possession of their powers, but, on their retirement from the stage, to enable them, by means of a pension for their faithful services, to lead a life free from care, is something which apparently the *Art Musical* cannot understand."

The *Art Musical* understands all about the matter, I will be bound. It was only indulging in a bit of fun, spiced, probably, with a *soufflé* of patriotic spite, and will not deny that a pension is a highly comfortable thing. Still, as I said before, the plan adopted at the Berlin Operahouse and elsewhere is not invariably an unmitigated blessing for art, whatever it may be for artists.

Verdi's *Aida* has proved a more lucrative addition to the repertory than was expected. At a recent performance of it, the money taken at the doors amounted to 1650 thalers, 25 silver groschens, exclusive of subscriptions. This does not agree with the assertion of certain newspapers that the public do not care about the work. The same papers are discontented, also, with the receipts derived from *L'Africaine*, but their discontent does not matter much so long as Herr von Hülsen is satisfied, which he is. He is, moreover, perfectly well acquainted, like other people, with the motive of these complaints. Of one thing the grumblers may be certain: Meyerbeer and Verdi will not be driven from the repertory to make room for any composer, however gifted. A word to the wise. But to turn to some other subject, suppose I say, *Tristan und Isolde*. The work ought to be produced very soon, considering the time it has already been in rehearsal. It would be rash, however, to make any definite statement concerning the precise date, until the date belongs to the past. In Wagnerian affairs the Certain, I might almost venture to affirm, becomes the Uncertain, and the Uncertain the Certain. This may not at first—or even second—sight, appear very intelligible, but the initiated are accustomed to the unintelligible where Herr R. Wagner is concerned. At any rate, they often get plenty of it. Everything has been done that could be done towards rendering the piece a great success. Among other luxuries, a special chorus-master has been laid on in the person of Herr Franz Mannstädt, a gentleman said to be thoroughly cognisant of all the composer's intentions. The report, once already contradicted, that Herr R. Wagner would come from Baireuth personally to superintend the concluding rehearsals has again cropped up. Perhaps to-morrow it will be quite contradicted. Who knows? I do not.

A grand concert was lately given in aid of the funds for the National Monument in the Niederwald. Anything like it, taken as a whole, was perhaps never known before in Berlin. The Corporation, in consideration of the object in view, lent the large hall of the Rathhaus, which, radiant with light, presented a marvellous sight. Despite the unusually high price of admission, twenty marks, there was not a single vacant seat, for the Emperor and the Empress, the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess, and all the other members of the Imperial Family had promised to attend in state. Not being versed in the mysteries of millinery, I shall not attempt to describe the ladies' toilets, I will merely designate them generally as gorgeous. Punctually to a minute the Imperial visitors made their appearance, and shortly afterwards the concert commenced. It was under the direction of Herr Joachim. At the head of his celebrated colleagues, the great violinist played the variations from Schumann's Quartet in D Minor; with Mad. Clara Schumann, the first and the last movement from Beethoven's Sonata Op. 47; and, alone, three "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms. Mad. Schumann's solo performances were a "Schlummerlied," by Schumann; "Zur Gitarre," by Ferdinand Hiller, and "Rondo capriccioso," by Mendelssohn. The vocalist was Miss Minnie Hauk who sang two pieces from Weber's *Abu Hassan*, "Träume" (Studies to *Tristan und Isolde*), R. Wagner, and a Mazurka, by Chopin.

DRESDEN.—It has been asserted in several German papers that Herr Ignatius Brüll would himself conduct his opera of *Das goldene Kreuz* at the Theatre Royal. The assertion is incorrect. It is expressly laid down in the statutes of the theatre that the band must always perform under one of their own conductors.

COLOGNE.—Verdi's *Requiem* is announced for performance, under the direction of Dr Ferdinand Hiller, at the eighth Gürzenich concert. The vocal solos are to be sung by Mesdames Marie Lehmann, Elsa Keller, Herren Diener and Schelper.

HAYDN AND BEETHOVEN.*

The Elector Maximilian Francis,† who resided at Bonn, gave a grand fête at his château of Poppelsdorf to celebrate the transformation, recently sanctioned by an imperial decree, of the Academy of Bonn into a German University. To impart greater effect to the solemnity, he had J. S. Bach's fine Mass in B minor performed by his excellent band. At the conclusion of the performance, his officers and guests strolled about the gardens, while waiting to be summoned to take their places at table. As he went down, accompanied by Baron Spiegel, the broad flight of marble steps from his palace, the Elector met Count Waldenfels accompanied by a man advanced in years, of simple exterior, and dressed in a very ordinary blue coat. The Elector stopped, and scanning with a kindly air the stranger, whose expressive and frank face at once produced a favourable impression upon those who beheld it, said:—

"Whom do you bring us, Count? A visitor, doubtless, who cannot fail to be welcome, on a happy day like this. But—I know those features! We have met before at Vienna! I cannot be wrong; it is Haydn!"

And, with these words, the Elector, advancing towards the illustrious musician, grasped both his hands with peculiarly Viennese heartiness. Haydn appeared quite confused at so cordial a reception. He replied modestly that he had never hoped the Elector would recognise him so readily, from the mere fact that his Highness, when an Austrian Arch-Duke, had met him at Prince Esterhazy's.

"What!" replied Maximilian. "No one who has seen you conduct your masterpieces can ever forget your features. But what happy chance brings you here?"

"I have come from England, your Highness."

"Where you have achieved some brilliant victories, eh, *Capellmeister*?" Count Waldenfels felt bound to add.

"The English were almost too good and too indulgent towards me," said Haydn gently, while, at the recollection of his great success, his face was lighted up with the pleasant smile which is reflected in his works. "England is now weeping, very justly, for her great Handel."

"Her great Handel!" exclaimed the Elector, interrupting him. "I think that we may claim Handel as ours."

"Yes, certainly; but England surrounded him with such affection and esteem that she has, so to say, appropriated him, and we cannot feel angry if she calls him hers."

"Is he really so much honoured there?"

"Yes, your Highness, as much as he deserves to be, which is saying a great deal. Handel is the master of masters, and will never be elevated too high. In Germany, unfortunately, his colossal genius is not appreciated at its proper value. The same principle here holds good of great men as of great edifices constructed in a narrow street or square! you do not perceive their size because you are too near. A few decennia are as necessary for a man's glory as space is for the building. And then, though it is a sad thing to say, we must take into account professional jealousy. Men admit with such difficulty the superiority of a rival, and there are so many different sets, each having its own idol."

"At least," said Maximilian Francis, "as far as we are concerned, we have no reason to reproach ourselves for not doing our composers justice."

"I have experienced that consolation this very morning, your Highness."

"Oh, you heard Bach's Mass, eh? What do you think of the manner in which it was performed?"

"It was as perfect as possible, and in every way worthy the work. The choruses were sung in a masterly style, and they are the most difficult and the finest with which I am acquainted. Despite their learned form, they produce an impression, at once exquisite and profound, which you are unable to resist. Not only was everything irreproachable; it was full of true feeling, and absolutely artistic. Your musical establishment must be very well constituted, and very well conducted."

"Yes, I believe it is; at any rate, I have done all I could to render it so, and I am thoroughly satisfied with Ries, who is at the head of it."

"May I ask your Highness who presided in so remarkable a manner at the organ?"

* From the *Deutsche Musiker-Zeitung*.

† Brother of the Emperor Joseph II, and Elector of Cologne, from 1785 to 1794, at which latter date the Electorate was annexed to France. Maximilian Francis was one of Beethoven's most ardent admirers. He died in 1801.

"A mere youth, named Beethoven, who strikes me as having a fine future before him. Will you, my dear Haydn, do me a favour?"

"Your Highness has only to command."

"Waldenfels will introduce the young man to you. I should feel obliged if you would examine him. Your judgment, in which I place the greatest confidence, will regulate the course I shall pursue with him. I only want to know that I am not wrong, and henceforth, to be supported by your authority, so that I may help him as efficaciously as I desire. We are to-day keeping a very happy day; Heaven has sent you to render it happier still. You will dine with us, and we will spend a delightful hour this evening talking of our dear Vienna."

The Elector again shook hands with Haydn, and, with a kindly salute, left him. The old composer gazed after him for some time, and then, turning to Count Waldenfels, said:—

"What a charming Prince! Always the same good heart, the same admirable Austrian disposition! He reminds me altogether of his brother, the Emperor Joseph, who, also, was a kind-hearted man though a little hasty and obstinate."

Waldenfels smiled diplomatically, and lost no time in diverting the conversation to another topic.

"Suppose," he hinted, "we were at once to go and see young Beethoven, as the Prince desires, eh?"

"I am always happy," replied Haydn, "to assist young people of talent wherever I find them. But, my dear Count, I employ in such cases a particular method of edifying myself, and I should feel obliged if you would humour me in it."

"With pleasure. What is it?"

"As my decision will be attended with highly important consequences, I cannot be too cautious about it. I should like to hear his Highness's *protégé* without his knowing me, or being aware I am near him. In this way, he will be less nervous and I shall be more free to form an opinion."

"Nothing can be easier. Let us go into the room next the concert-room. I am very much mistaken if it is long before Beethoven comes to extemporise on the piano. This is his regular hour for being there."

A minute afterwards, Haydn and his companion had reached their observatory, where they were so placed that they could see and hear everything without being perceived themselves. Beethoven was already in the concert-room, but not at the piano. Standing near the window, he was gazing into distance with a sombre and thoughtful look. Gradually, however, the clouds cleared off his face, and, approaching the instrument, he sat down and began developing, in rigorous style, some themes of Bach's. Growing by degrees more excited, he abandoned the fugued style to give free reign to his fancy. For a long time he extemporised, pouring forth marvellously rich stores of ideas, and portraying, like a musician of genius, all the emotions of his soul. Haydn did not wait till he had finished. Unable to contain himself, he rushed towards Beethoven, exclaiming:—

"Let me press you to my heart. God has destined you for great things."

Beethoven awoke as though from a dream. He glanced in astonishment from Haydn to the Count. The latter put an end to his embarrassment by whispering something in his ear.

"Haydn!" exclaimed the young virtuoso in raptures, "Haydn!"

He could say no more, but flung himself into the old composer's arms.

The next morning, the members of the Elector's Capelle gave a breakfast in honour of Haydn on the Godesburg. Maximilian Francis, with the chief of his orchestra, Ries, had himself arranged all the details of the little family festivity. When the meal was over, Haydn looked about for a quiet spot where, with Ries and Beethoven, he might go over a cantata composed by the latter a few days previously. When the spot was found, the three sat down, and Haydn began reading. As he advanced, unequivocal marks of satisfaction were visible on his face. At length, when he had come to the end, he shut the book and said to Beethoven:—

"Will you accept a little advice from an old musician whose experience may prove useful to you, and who already loves you like a father?"

"Pray speak, I desire nothing better!"

"Well, then, you are a young Titan, who would like nothing

better than to scale heaven, and would rather do so to-day than to-morrow. Let me tell you something. He who, in this frivolous world, wants to achieve anything great, should, above all things, study to become completely master of himself. Would you like to hear how I compose?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" exclaimed the young man, whose attention seemed strongly excited.

"My first care is always to execute my works at one stroke. I sketch out, therefore, the plan of each piece, distributing my principal ideas, represented by a few notes, in the principal portions of the whole. I then impart some little life to the skeleton by adding here and there an accompaniment, an episode, a repetition, etc. But I do not give a definite form to my thought until I am sure of my affair. I also recommend you to work at some instrument. I know by myself what valuable aid it affords a composer. I am not a phenomenon on any instrument, but I have studied them all sufficiently to be well acquainted with their mechanism and resources."

Beethoven soon turned the conversation to one of his favourite subjects—Greek art, and its serene plastic beauty. He developed with his usual warmth the reasons of his admiration, or, rather, his worship. Haydn listened with a smile. He took a delight in the exuberant impetuosity of youth, well knowing, as he did, the influence exerted, alas! by the realities of life on the heart and mind even of men endowed with the best natural gifts and the greatest solidity of character.

"But, he at length said, "if we admit the Greeks to have been the first among nations, we, ought, also, it strikes me, to admit that the idea of the Beautiful is innate in every man and in every people, and that, if it is not manifested in all, the fact is the result of external obstacles."

"Such is my conviction. The notion of the Artistically-Beautiful must exist in all men, but there are many with whom it never sees the light.

"Because it does not reach their consciousness."

"And we should endeavour to make it do so."

"Is not that the mission of the artist?"

"There can be no doubt it is," exclaimed Beethoven, impetuously; "and this is the mission which Haydn, of all men, has so nobly fulfilled."

Haydn shook his head modestly, as a sign of doubt.

"That is the reason," continued Beethoven, "why my art is so dear to me that no human power will ever be able to turn me from my path."

"Well said. Remain in that path, and you will certainly reach the pinnacle of art."

With these words, Haydn once more pressed to his heart the future author of the *Eroica*. It was a solemn moment, leaving in Beethoven's soul a very vivid impression, and one of the most lasting he ever experienced.

[The substance of the foregoing is taken from a miserable "art-romance," entitled *Furioso*, published about twelve years ago, in which another supremely ridiculous interview between Beethoven and Mozart is described, and in which Beethoven is made to act and talk nonsense all through. It was translated into English in 1865, when the *Saturday Review* gave it what we had hoped was its quietus.—D.P.]

"IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS."

(To the Editor of "Concordia.")

SIR,—A small note in regard to the pronunciation of the title, added to the above-named article in your last number, after it was in type, received such hard treatment from the printer, by the misspelling of the Greek word and the omission of the long and short marks to the syllables of the English equivalent, as to be barely intelligible.

My object was to entreat that the name of the opera might be pronounced in the way which the original spelling and derivation indicate, "Iphigenia," and not according to the too common but barbarous corruption, "Iphigenia," under which *sobriquet* the English edition was handed to me the other day over the counter of the eminent publishing firm to whom we are indebted for its production.—Yours, &c,

H. H. STATHAM.

WEIMAR.—*Rosamunde*, a five-act opera by Herr Richard Metzdorf, has been well received at the Grand-Ducal Theatre.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The feature at the sixteenth concert was a very striking performance of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, the opening piece being a dry "Introduction and Fugue," from one of the orchestral *suites* of Lachner—why brought forward at all it is difficult to guess. The *Te Deum* No. 1, composed by Handel for the Duke of Chandos (that in B flat), supplied with additional accompaniments by Mr Ebenezer Prout, at once discreet and effective, was also a novelty to the audience; but the execution generally left much to desire, and the work, although here and there exhibiting Handel at his best, failed to make any strong impression. Professor Oakeley's "Edinburgh March," composed on the occasion of the Royal Marriage, was the last instrumental piece; songs by Mesdames Patey and Blanche Cole, which call for no particular remark, completing the selection. At the 17th concert (on Saturday) every amateur was pleased to hear once again Mr Arthur Sullivan's Symphony in E minor. This, which had not been played at the Crystal Palace since 1869, would, it was hoped, be merely the precursor of other compositions of magnitude and importance from the same pen. Surely so beautiful a work, and the cordial reception it met with, should have urged on our young and gifted musician to fresh efforts in a similar direction. If Mr Sullivan is apathetic, or indifferent, to whom may we now look for music of a high order, to do honour to our native school of art? Mr Manns took every pains with the execution of the symphony, which, in all respects satisfactory, was welcomed with genuine enthusiasm. Among the remaining interesting features were the MS. *Intermezzo* and *Scherzo* by another of our cleverest and most rising composers, Mr Henry Gadsby, written expressly for the "British Orchestral Society," and first introduced to the public in the spring of 1875. We heard it again with unalloyed satisfaction, and were glad to find it so thoroughly liked and understood. The applause was as hearty as it was well deserved. Go on, Mr Gadsby; and let us have more—much more—from your pen. We must not omit to state that one of the most remarkable exhibitions at this concert was Miss Agnes Zimmermann's absolutely irreproachable rendering of Mozart's fourth and latest pianoforte concerto in the key of C major, which was heard for the first, but surely not for the last, time at these concerts. The singers were Madame Rose Hersee and Signor Foli. The lady especially distinguished herself in Mozart's lovely soliloquy from *Figaro* ("Deh vieni, non tardar"), in which she proved herself, as she has already done before, one of England's most finished and accomplished vocalists. Signor Foli obtained great applause in "Oh ruddier than the cherry."—*Graphic*.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Since last I wrote we have had, at the Theatre, besides "heavy" dramas (on Sundays), "*La Fille du Regiment*," "*Si j'étais Roi*," "*Les Amours du Diable*." The first went well. Mlle Dianzy pleased as the heroine, and M. Dusviten as the Sergeant. "*Si j'étais Roi*," with the same cast, also went well. "*Les Amours du Diable*" left much to be desired; it evidently had not been sufficiently rehearsed. It was given with better effect on Sunday, and is to be repeated to-morrow. Mlle L'Archiduc still holds her own and goes very well.—But!—*Certainement j'aime Clairette*. M. Lemaitre, yielding to the wish of a number of Boulonnaises, brought out *La Fille de Mme Angot* on January 29, and attracted a crowded audience to hear M. Lecocq's comic opera for over the fiftieth time at the Salle Monsigny. Mlles Montem as Clairette, Dianzy as Mlle Lange, Mandette as Amaranthe; MM. Kolletz as Ange Pitou, and Chatillon as Pomponnet, made a most efficient cast.—It has been repeated twice since, and is to be played again on Saturday next. M. Lecocq's new opera, *La Petite Mariée*, is in rehearsal, and will be produced in about three weeks. The second concert (for the benefit of families English and foreign) takes place next Monday, at the Etablissement des Bains, when Mlle Gally-Larochelle, from Paris, will sing. M. Angé, our excellent baritone, will also favour the audience with a Romance by Paul Henrion. There is to be a ball next week at the Etablissement, for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who perished in the explosion at St Etienne.

X. T. R.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

Mr John Boosey's seventh ballad concert, given on Wednesday evening in St James's Hall, attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. Mr Sims Reeves was in capital voice, singing Mr Sullivan's "Love laid his sleepless head," and Mr Blumenthal's "Message," with the greatest effect, and obtaining the usual "ovation" at the conclusion of each. Mr Lloyd, recovered from his indisposition, Sig. Foli, and Mr Maybrick, were each received with the warmth due to favourite artists, and, though last-named, not least in the favour of the frequenters of Mr Boosey's London Ballad Concerts, the lady vocalists—Mad. Sherrington, Mad. Edith Wynne, Mad. Patey, and the Mdles Bada—were welcomed with hearty applause on their several *entrées*, and rewarded in the same way at the conclusion of their performances. The concert, as usual, was varied by the excellent part-singing of the London Vocal Union, from St Paul's (under the direction of Mr Frederic Walker), and some capital pianoforte playing by Mr Sydney Smith, who was welcomed in the heartiest manner and unanimously applauded at the conclusion of a performance of two of his popular compositions, "Rigoletto" and "Quatre Bras." Mr Sydney Naylor and Mr Meyer Lütz were, as usual, accompanists.

STERNDALÉ BENNETT'S SEXTET.

(To the Editor of the "Concordia.")

SIR,—In your remarks on the performance of this work at the Monday Popular Concert the other evening, you seem to infer that a certain want of enthusiasm in its reception, both on that and (as I gather from your remarks) on former occasions, is to be traced to an inherent defect of interest and individuality in the music, as compared with others of its composer's most important works.

Having been long a student and admirer of Bennett's music, but hitherto unacquainted with the Sextet, my impression on this first hearing was the reverse, and that the themes of the various movements were of remarkable beauty. The second subject of the slow movement (the melody in octaves for the strings), the *trio* subject for strings only, the second subject of the *finale*, and, above all, the *bravura* passages for piano in the first movement, seem to me to be in the composer's happiest and most brilliant style. But may not a lurking dissatisfaction in connection with it arise from this—that we cannot help feeling the want of balance between the strings and the pianoforte, and the very subordinate part mostly played by the former? Bennett seems, at this period, at least, to have been so enamoured of the piano, and so devoted to it, that he thought the strings were quite honoured enough in having a snatch of melody now and then, and an occasional bit to themselves to give relief and contrast to the piano, which carries off all the honours and does all the hard work. But, when we see five first-class string players accompany the pianist on to the platform, we naturally expect them to take an important part in the design, working out the effect of the composition; and in the first movement I found myself looking out for the point when the strings would, as Beethoven said to Himmel, "begin in earnest," but it never seemed to come. In the succeeding movements they have some decided points, but nothing commensurate with the amount of artistic and executive skill thus held in reserve.

The fact is, I think, that the work is, to all intents and purposes, simply a pianoforte concerto, and that if the accompaniments were scored for the orchestra, in which case we naturally expect them to be kept more subordinate, this discrepancy between means and results would disappear, and that the composition would stand out as one of the most beautiful of its author's productions. I am far from recommending that this should be done—we have quite enough of "musical falsifying"—but I venture to suggest this as the origin of a certain sense of shortcoming which I confess to have myself felt in hearing a work in which, nevertheless, the themes are of such great beauty and freshness, and the treatment of the pianoforte part so brilliant and effective.—Yours, &c.,
AN AMATEUR.

CARLSRUHE.—The members of the St Cecilia Union recently gave a highly successful performance of Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," and the *Märchen von der Schönen Melusine*, by Herr Heinrich Hofmann.

BRUNN.—The annual report of the Musical Union, and of the School of Music connected with it, has just been published. It is highly satisfactory, and speaks volumes for the zeal and energy of Herr Otto Kitzler, who is at the head of both institutions. At the School, 122 pupils receive instruction gratuitously in playing stringed instruments, the theory of harmony, and singing.

MUSIC IN CALCUTTA.

(From our Correspondent.)

The opera season is over. Miss Alice May took her farewell on Tuesday. On the following night, Charles Mathews took his farewell, at English's Theatre. The same night the Williamsons made their adieu at Lewis's Theatre. Therefore we may consider the theatrical, as well as the operatic, season over. The retrospect is not agreeable to the respective managers. At the three theatres, the opera has had the longest and most successful season, and yet it is rumoured that Mr Allen lost "some thousands." The other *entrepreneurs* have suffered more, so that the season has been disastrous to all, and the future prospects of the inhabitants of Calcutta getting another respectable company to entertain them are unusually dim. In fact, no sane person would bring a company to this town where there is so small a European population, and such an absence of enthusiasm for the drama. Miss May alone has been able to rouse the public. At the dramatic houses, the coldness of the audience prevented the actors from giving any effect to their parts, and one and all, not omitting Mr Charles Mathews, have been disgusted. The great comedian hurried over and "cleared out" a few hours after his last performance. The Prince of Wales' Command night was a failure. The prices were too high, and, although a considerable sum was realised, the house was miserable in appearance, and the audience far from *distingué*. The fact is, stalls, for which thirty rupees were asked, were sold at the door for one rupee, and natives were admitted in ordinary dress. Miss May is forming a small company to make the tour of India. She proposes concluding it in Bombay at the end of April, and thence proceeding to Europe. Her name will always be remembered with pleasure in Calcutta. The press, without an exception, pronounced her the best lyric artist they had ever seen in India. Miss May has not been allowed to leave without acknowledgment of the esteem in which she is held. A subscription was raised (limited to five rupees), and a handsome souvenir presented to her on the night of her last appearance, consisting of a set of tiger-claw necklet, brooch, and ear-rings, in a handsome case with a silver plate, on which is engraved:—"Presented to Alice May by some of her admirers in Calcutta, Jan. 12th, 1876." Calcutta will now sink into its normal state of apathy.

Jan. 13th, 1876.

[Why then do singers, &c., visit such places as Calcutta? We are informed on good authority that an artistic trip to the jungles would not greatly displease the tigers—who, under certain conditions, have some affinity with our "lions."—D. P.]

IN THE NIGHT.*

I rose from my couch, in the night, in the night,
My sad heart in my bosom was leaping;
Despair had cast o'er me its perilous blight!
I wandered alone, in the night, in the night,
Through the village that calmly was sleeping.
A bright sparkling stream, in the night, in the night,
O'er the rocks and the pebbles was foaming;
I watched from the bridge its impetuous flight,
As swiftly it sped, in the night, in the night,
Whilst the stars through the heavens were roaming.
Those radiant stars, in the night, in the night,
From the firmament softly were beaming;
The ripples reflected their images bright:—
For every star, in the night, in the night,
A twin star in the torrent was gleaming.
"Ye stars!" I exclaimed, "in the night, in the night,
Though oft from our vision enshrouded,
Behind the dark veil that obscures you from sight,
Serenely ye shine, in the night, in the night,
Everlastingly pure and unclouded!"
Then peace filled my soul, in the night, in the night,
As I gazed on the sky and the river;
I thought of the hand that created the light,
And, thrilling with awe, in the night, in the night,
I adored the mysterious Giver!

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EDNEY WITTMANN.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. ST JAMES'S HALL.

EIGHTEENTH SEASON, 1875-76.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1876.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF HERR JOACHIM.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

QUINTET in B flat (posthumous) for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI Mendelssohn.
SONGS, { "Zuleika" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE Schubert.
 { "Geheimes" }
TOCCATA in C major, Op. 7, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle MARIE KREBS Schumann.

PART II.

*TRIO in C minor, Op. 9, No. 3, for violin, viola, and violoncello—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
SONGS, { "Romanze" } Mdlle SOPHIE LÖWE... .. Brahms.
 { "Meine Liebe ist grün" }
SONATA in G major, Op. 30, for pianoforte and violin—Mdlle MARIE KREBS and HERR JOACHIM... .. Beethoven.
Conductor Mr ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

LAST APPEARANCE OF MADAME NORMAN-NERUDA THIS SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

To commence at Three o'clock.

PROGRAMME.

TRIO in E flat, for pianoforte, clarinet, and viola—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Mr EGERTON, and HERR STRAUS... .. Mozart.
AIR, "Dalla sua pace"—Mr PEARSON... .. Mozart.
SONATA in E flat, Op. 31, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLE Beethoven.
ADAGIO in F major, from the Ninth Concerto, Op. 55, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Mdlle NORMAN-NERUDA Spohr.
SONG, "The Gariand"—Mr PEARSON... .. Mendelssohn.
QUARTET in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (by desire)—Mdlle NORMAN-NERUDA (her last appearance this season), MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, and PIATTI Schumann.
Conductor Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEMO (M.D.).—Dibdin's "Waterman," in our opinion, stands next to "Tom Bowling," as the most absolutely perfect of English ballads. Why is it never introduced by Mr John Boosey, at one of his excellent "London Ballad Concerts"? Ask Henry Smart what he thinks of it; get some one to sing it, and let H. S. accompany it on the pianoforte in his own choice and exquisite manner. On all other points Dr. Nemo is wrong.

DEATHS.

On February 9th, at Brighton, CHARLOTTE HUTCHINS CALLCOTT, youngest daughter of the late Dr Callcott.

On February 14th, at Bessborough Street, Pimlico, CLARA ELIZA, the beloved wife of MARCELLUS HIGGS, aged 47.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1876.

ALTHOUGH, as the majority of our readers are doubtless aware, the extensive premises of Messrs. HENDERSON, RAIT and FENTON, were burnt to the ground early on Monday morning, the printing of the *Musical World* will still be carried on by that enterprising firm, which has served it with such ability and zeal now for very many years, and to the members of which we are sorry not to have a more favourable opportunity of acknowledging our obligations, and of expressing our earnest sympathy.

W. DUNCAN DAVISON.
J. V. BRIDGEMAN.
J. W. DAVISON.

Baylis Boil and Purple Powis.



(Conversation at the "Savage Club"—MR HENRY HERSEE in the Chair).

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Did you read Dwight of Feb. 5?
DR PURPLE POWIS.—Dwight of Boston?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"Mass."
DR PURPLE POWIS.—New England "Athens?"
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Yes; I was talking to D. Peters about it.
DR PURPLE POWIS.—What said D. Peters?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"Poughkeepsie."
DR PURPLE POWIS.—That's where Bulow played.
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—And astonished the natives.
DR PURPLE POWIS.—Of Poughkeepsie?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Precisely.
DR PURPLE POWIS.—Fanny Raymond Ritter, &c.
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Exactly.
DR PURPLE POWIS.—Copied from *Poughkeepsie Daily News*?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Assuredly.
DR PURPLE POWIS.—What more did Peters say?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—"High falutin of the 'Poughkeepsie' type."
DR PURPLE POWIS.—Whither drifts the musical tendency of our "United States"?
MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Towards the subversion of what is really music.

DR PURPLE POWIS.—Fanny Raymond asserts that Bach was no conservative, and "no truly great composer ever was."

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Fanny Raymond talks nonsense. No "truly great composer" was ever anything else.

DR PURPLE POWIS.—Beethoven's Ninth Symphony is on the same plan as Haydn's First?

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Unquestionably—with more episodes and largelier developed?

DR PURPLE POWIS.—Be chesm!

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—O! by Abs!

DR PURPLE POWIS.—O! by Adnan!

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—Then all the American talk about Liszt, &c., is bosh?

DR PURPLE POWIS.—Absolute!

MR BAYLIS BOIL.—I thought so.

DR PURPLE POWIS.—Ap'Mutton is coming!

MR BAYLIS BOIL AND DR PURPLE POWIS.—(Speechless).—B'—B'—B'—(by a united effort)—BA-A!! (Eccent ambo).

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

THE vivacious "Cherubino" contributes the following to the *Saturday Programme* of to-day (*Figaro*):—

"One of the American papers has, in very bad taste, instituted a sort of comparison between Mdle Tietjens and Madame Nilsson. In this we do not pretend to follow our Transatlantic contemporary, but in the course of its remarks it discloses a few little secrets concerning the American tours of the latter artist which it may be of interest to republish. We can only say that, so far as Mr. Jarrett's connection with the business matters of Madame Nilsson is concerned, we agree with every word of the statement. Madame Nilsson owes her present position to a great extent to the shrewdness and business ability of Mr. Jarrett. The picture drawn of the 'shrewd, cool-headed, business-like, snuff-taking, individual,' will be readily recognized by all who know anything of the matter:—'When Mdle. Nilsson paid her original visit to this country, singing first in the concert-room a little more than five years ago, and the year following appearing on the operatic stage, she had the services, as her personal agent, of Mr. Henry Jarrett, of London. This gentleman, who is widely known as a shrewd, cool-headed, business-like, snuff-taking individual, devoted all his energies to the task of preparing the public of America for Mdle. Nilsson's coming, for at least four years before she set foot in our land. He continued his efforts in her behalf during her stay here, which lasted that time nearly two years, and she owed her overwhelming success quite as much to Mr. Jarrett's keenness and enterprise as to her artistic powers, and the tremendous trumpeting done so enthusiastically for her by her ardent friends. During her second operatic season in New York there was a very different condition of affairs. Mdle Nilsson had become Madame Nilsson-Rouzaud, and her husband took the place of her former far-sighted business agent. Between the gallant Rouzaud and the irrepressible Strakosch matters came to a pretty pass, and the season for a time seemed likely to be as disastrous as the former one had been profitable. Frequent and very bitter were the wordy contests between the two doughty little men when the business became very bad; and Madame Rouzaud was obliged to take so many cents on the dollar guaranteed her. Mr Strakosch was unable to meet his engagement, and the fair Swede wisely compromised, thus helping him to bring his season to a close without being totally wrecked financially. And if the gossips may be believed, Madame Nilsson telegraphed Mr Jarrett to help her out of the muddle.'"

What next?—and next?—and next? *Qui sait!* *Nous verrons. Que diable! N'importe!*—Candide says, "*Tout est pour le mieux dans ce meilleur des mondes possibles.*"—O! by Abbs!—O! by Adnan!—*Be chesm!*—On our eyes be it!

CORFU.—*Vitona*, a new opera by Sig. Rodsteato, has been produced with success.

MR MANNS AND "FLAMINGO."

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It would be absurd in me to affect not to know that I am alluded to in the conclusion of Flamingo's letter of Saturday. If "Flamingo" thought thereby to please me and to divide me from Mr Manns, he was mistaken. I do not thank him for the allusion, or you for printing it. Quite the reverse. And the letter seems to me to be based on the most ridiculous *non sequitur* possible.—Because Mr Manns is justifiably angry, therefore the good points of the Saturday Concerts are due to me.—Rubbish! The Saturday Concerts speak for themselves, and no clumsy misrepresentations of Flamingo's can make them less successful than they are. And to whom can their success be due but to the conductor who works out all the rehearsals and performances? With this, "Flamingo" knows perfectly, I have, and can have had, nothing to do. Hearty co-operation with Mr. Manns in the choice of programmes, and the description of the pieces in the books, is all I pretend to. The attempt to lay the credit due to him on my shoulders is equally absurd and unjust; and distasteful as it is to me to appear in print, on a subject relating to myself, I do so because it is due to Mr. Manns, to whom the English musical public is so deeply indebted, that a mischievous insinuation should be repelled, and the matter put on its proper footing;—Your obedient servant,

GEORGE GROVE.

Lower Sydenham, S.E., Feb. 15.

[We can publish no further correspondence on this subject, and regret that it was ever mooted in the columns of the *Musical World*. At the same time, we are by no means disposed to allow Mr Manns to write vituperative letters and receive no answer in kind. Our own opinion was stated plainly enough, in a foot-note to one of the letters, we forget (and don't care to remember) which; and, we repeat it in substance—that the orchestral performances at the Crystal Palace are the finest we have ever heard in this country, and equal to any we have ever heard in any country. But how comes it that Sir Michael Costa, and not Mr Manns, the accredited conductor, is invariably called upon to direct the performances at the Handel Festivals, and other important celebrations at the Sydenham Palace? Because—because—never mind, amateurs know well enough.—Ed. M.W.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE *St. James's Magazine* for March will contain an original sonnet by Shelley. It is said to be in the poet's own handwriting, and forms one of a series of Shelley MSS. in the possession of Mr. Townshend Mayer, many of which have been lent to Mr. Buxton Forman for use in the preparation of his edition of Shelley's Works, to be published by Messrs. Reeves and Turner.

A PERFORMANCE of M. Gounod's *Faust* was recently given at Nice, for the benefit of the Poor. The Baroness Vigier, the once celebrated and surprisingly beautiful Sophie Cruvelli, sang the part of Marguerite. What a Marguerite would not Sophie have been a quarter of a century since. The world, the *Musical World*, and M. Gounod himself, would have gone stark mad about her!

THE grand total of books, pamphlets, placards, pieces of music, engravings, designs, etc., issued from the presses of France between the 1st January and the 31st December, 1875, either for the first time, or as re-prints, was 21,006. Of this immense number, 4,195, consisting of vocal and instrumental pieces, orchestral compositions and so on, belong to music, being 304 more than the year before.

LEIPSIC.—Dr. Förster has secured the services of Madame Blume-Sauter at the Stadttheater, his management of which will commence on the 1st July next.

HANOVER.—Herr R. Wagner's *Tannhauser* has been performed at the Theatre Royal, with Mdle Wekerlin as Elisabeth, and Herr Engelhart as the hero.—M. Henri Wieniawski took part in the fifth Subscription Concert, which was held at the Theatre Royal. He played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, together with a "Legende" and a "Polonaise," both of his own composition.

PAPERS—PSYCHOLOGICAL, ARTISTIC.

I.

ON THE INVESTMENT OF OUR CAPITAL.

HUMBOLDT tells us that "Pythagoras first called the Universe *Cosmos*, because of the order which reigns throughout it." But what is order? Is it *economy*—the production of the *maximum effect* from the *minimum cause*? The magnificent lavish, with which Nature multiplies and re-multiplies her almost infinite catalogue of perfections, leads us at first rather to regard her as a spendthrift than as an economist. But closer inspection shows her primary law to be *absolute economy*, the minutest examination of seeming superfluity being unproductive of a scrap of evidence against the rigidity of her rule. In the chain from the lowest type of life to Man, not only each link of *genus*, but each item of *species*, whose adjacency forms that link, is essential to its perfection. The old saying, "*Nature abhors a vacuum*" might well be supplemented by "*Nature does not recognise waste*." Except in a solitary instance, the fulfilment of this law is provided for by the *limited organisation* of the separate life, which supplies but the necessities for its office in Creation, as well as by a network of minor laws that our inability to discern has led to our generalising as "*instinct*," and this exception is *Man*.

Man, whose physical structure, her most perfect-seeming work, is apotheosised by a force mysteriously connected with the cerebrum, left ungarded by these laws and almost unbiassed, left with the power of alteration to its extreme, that which we term destruction, in his own hands, while every inferior separate existence is, so to say, *bound down* to its work. It must surely be a great stake for which so much is risked, a great prize to justify so many blanks: for to one human creature who is aware of, and *invests*, the great Capital within him, ninety-nine, at the very lowest computation, exist and die less useful in the *Cosmos* than that simplest type of animal, the little "jelly speck," which, despite its organless condition, builds the most exquisite domes of cemented grains with an exactitude unsurpassed by reason.

It would be well if men's minds dwelt more upon these things; if they sometimes reflected upon that *absolute importance* of each separate human being in Infinity which is indicated by this. No two creatures can occupy the same space at the same time, nor is the exact organisation of one creation precisely reproducible in another, even were such a reproduction possible, and, were the two creatures to exist simultaneously, the impossibility of the above conditions would forbid their surroundings being similar to each, their mutual relation placing them in regard to their externals as the two sides of a triangle to its point.—Wherefore the *Cosmos*—the external world,—the *Nonego*,—as it is variously called, has a peculiar relationship to each man that it will never have to any other. It never has been, or never will be again, that for instance which I take it to be. The external world and my organisation generate a *condition* different and separate from all others, past, present, and to come, and this condition is my *Individuality*. As the universe has an individual existence to me, so have I an individual existence to the Universe: no creature can ever be *exactly the same to it that I am*. If, therefore I do not fulfil the result to which this individuality is fitted, there will be a flaw in the deposit of that stratum of human atoms to which I belong, that no other atom of a superseding stratum can rectify. As, according to Nature, nothing is without a potential destiny, so we can hardly doubt that an *individual effect* is to be obtained by this individual cause. But if we are convinced of this, and desirous to fulfil the intention of Nature, how are we to do it?—The ancient motto, "*Know thyself*," paraphrased by Carlyle in "*Let every man find his work and do it*," seems to be the key to the solution of our life problem. But how, amid this labyrinth of physical *impeti*, and tangle of mental phenomena, to classify and determine our proclivities? There is no fairy's wand of *determined law*, at whose tap the heterogeneous mass will divide and group itself as the *spectra* of the kaleidoscope. If a minute imitation of Nature's order will not be as magical in its effects as the fairy's wand in the old tale, there is no doubt that it will guide us to a knowledge of

ourselves that will be the *nucleus* of further discoveries. Nature has given us the *circle*, which by virtue of its equi-distant centre, is the great solver of geometrical problems; and it is from the *absolute centre* of our mind that we should ascertain our mental circumference. In mind-life, the centre is the *Root*, the *final cause* of those mental tendencies whose expressions are the emotions. Such a root is embedded in every mind, its extent therein being as little indicated by the surface-life of the human being as the grip of the tree-claws upon the black earth is told by the leaves that clad the branches. It is a question whether these moral roots are not all of one *family*, differing but in *species*; because whether this foundation, or *guiding principle*, be the highest possible—the simple desire to fulfil the work-atom assigned to the individual by Nature,—or the lowest—the craving for that smooth-gliding of the human machine which is called "*comfort*" and "*pleasure*,"—the desire calls for the *same method of fulfilment*. The man, whose object in living is to attain to the full development of his separate nature, is satisfied only when that growth is rightly proceeding; and without this natural progress perfect ease is impossible, however strenuously he, whose object in life it is, endeavours to obtain it. Whatever may be his *motive in living*, that is a man's starting-point in self-discovery. By its light must he proceed to the next step, the *recognition of his faculties*, this knowledge ranking next, because, as his *motive principle* will project him into the *doing of his work*, so by the materials of his faculties will he be able to deduce the "*work*" for which they are to be used. And here he must proceed with a nice discrimination, for he is wandering in a land outside the boundary of developed Science, his own reasoning powers his only guide and compass. In the discovery of our faculties we must not regard their *expressions*, but the *immediate cause* of those expressions. The *expression* of a faculty is not its clue, though indicating its tendency. Though a man may fairly toss verses from the tip of his pen, he is not thereby a poet, the fact merely pointing to a mental construction fitted for the impress of one among the fine arts. Nor is he necessarily a painter or musician born because either art is easy to him, or he is consumed with the desire of adopting it for his principal life-work; for these are modes of expression determined by his stage of brain-development and external circumstances, and seized upon by the restless underlying faculty as simplest or nearest to hand. It is the *art faculty* whose presence this readiness for expression proves: that is the existent quality, and this must be tested in every way to ascertain its drift, its *aptitude* for the form it assumes being best judged by the amount of originality therein displayed.

A good test of this is first to exclude the expressions in which the mind is *distinctly and entirely imitative*, and then to take each subject in turn therein, for a specified time, sedulously avoiding effort, and *volitional direction*. This subject must be passively contemplated—that the thoughts may have free scope to twine about it at will. When the specified time is over, that subject which is incrustated with our own thoughts as to be barely recognisable as the only subject when we adopted it, is unmistakably ours,—but, if we recognise it for the same, bare and untouched, or the mind willingly relinquishes it as an uncongenial burden, then, however our natural inclinations may affect it, we should do well at least to *pause* before we set them free.

Another, but not so sure a test, of the right apprehension of our life-work, is its capability to bring into use *every mind-qualification* we possess. Should our subject absorb and utilise every one of our various mental forces, thereby producing in us that perfect sense of *mental well-being*, which is a grand proof that, so far, we are on the right road, we may rest content; though, should we become aware of a restless stirring within us, a *straying-away*, so to speak, of some mental *impetus*, we are not to accept this as evidence against our success. Some minds are exceptionally created to pursue *more* than one subject, so that ours may be of these; but, as a general rule, these action-springs are by no means superfluous to the *one* life-occupation, and their disuse and consequent spontaneous activity would point to our misconception of the largeness and requirements of our subject.

In musicians this state of perverted mind-activity is perhaps more frequently to be met with than in followers of the sister Arts; not because their supply of mind-force is in excess of the demand of their subject, but because their conception of it falls so considerably below the truth. That men with all the qualities absolutely necessary to musicians have also an active mental organisation that calls for a far wider development than they usually accord it, we must all have seen many instances to prove; and that the disposition termed the "artist temperament" points to absolute development as a necessity to maintain the balance of the whole being, few will deny. The phenomena of this temperament, with their dangers, difficulties, and right application, should next be considered; from first to last, it is a right comprehension which is the artist's only safeguard.

(To be continued.)

OPERA-COMIQUE.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The *Trial by Jury* of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan continues to hold its ground as a pendant to the English version of Offenbach's *Mad. L'Archiduc*, the principal characters being represented by Miss Clara Vesey, Messrs Fred. Sullivan, Knight Aston, E. Connell, and Campbell. As everybody has seen this perfect example of true and innocent humour in alliance with bright and piquant music once, or probably more than once, there is no need to enlarge upon it here. We shall speak to more purpose if, in few words, we point the moral of its success, and that moral says to us English folk, "Make your own opera-bouffe, and don't any longer import from another country things which, even when they are worth the trouble, you cannot adequately perform." A few librettists like Mr Gilbert, and a few composers like Mr Sullivan would establish a form of buffo opera amongst us suited to the nature of our audiences, the means of our actors, and the requirements of that sense of decency which still belongs to the national character. The public are ready, or, if not, the success of *Trial by Jury* has no meaning; and only minor obstacles stand in the way. When, this being the case, shall we have a continuation of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's exquisite drollery?

RUBINSTEIN'S CONCERTO IN G.

There are few more thoroughly disappointing composers than the great Russian pianist. That he possesses considerable talent and is by no means destitute of inventive power it would be most unjust to deny; yet his larger works never, as a whole, create a satisfactory impression. There are two reasons for this: first that the composer in his anxiety to produce something entirely original occasionally succeeds in producing something abominably and hideously ugly; and secondly (and much more frequently) that he seems to be almost wholly destitute of the faculty of self-criticism. The chief themes of his movements are often, as in the concerto played on Saturday, pleasing enough; but, having selected them, one is almost tempted to imagine that Rubinstein leaves the rest of the movement to take care of itself, and literally puts down on paper the first notes that occur to him. Hence his thematic developments, on the proper management of which the organic unity of the whole movement very largely depends, are too often diffuse, wild, and incoherent; side by side with passages of true power and beauty we find pages of the most dreary "padding;" and, just as the composer has enlisted the hearer's sympathies by some beautiful phrase, he flies off at a tangent, and raves and storms wildly over the orchestra, till the interest previously excited is succeeded by a feeling of weariness, if not of disgust. The third concerto is an instance of this. There is not one of the three movements of which it consists that does not contain good ideas, which, with judicious treatment, might have been worked into a most excellent whole: this is especially the case with the finale, the themes of which are really attractive. But in each movement there is so much that is vague and incoherent, so much mere straining after effect, that listening to the whole work was a severe trial to the patience. I must in justice add that I am recording my impressions on a first hearing, as the work was previously unknown to me; and I was told that if I heard it half-a-dozen times I should think very differently of it. It may be so; I will merely say that, if conversion is only to be purchased at such a cost, I prefer to remain in my present faith.—*Academy.*

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—At the Vocal Society's last concert we had Spohr's setting of the 24th Psalm, Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," Mozart's motett, "Alma del Creatoris," and a chorus by Charles K. Salaman, "How lovely are thy habitations," all capitally sung. The solo vocalist was Mdle Victoria Bunsen, who gave us Rossini's "Oh, patria," Arthur Sullivan's "Looking back," Herr W. Ganz's "Forget me not," and Mr Cowen's "Marguerite." Her singing of Herr Ganz's song afforded so much pleasure that the audience compelled her to repeat it. Mdle Bunsen confirmed the impression she had made when previously heard in Manchester. Miss Stander and Miss M. L. Smith, who undertook the solo parts in the concerted pieces, acquitted themselves well. Mr H. Wilson accompanied the choral music; and Mr H. Watson Mdle Bunsen's songs.

WINDSOR.—Mr Christian gave his annual concert in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, Feb. 15th, under the patronage of the Provost of Eton, the Dean of Windsor, and a large and fashionable audience. Several solos, duets, and quartets were introduced from Dr Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*, Sir Michael Costa's *Eli and Naaman*, Sir S. Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, &c. Miss Margaret Hancock, who sings artistically and devotionally, was well received in Sir Michael Costa's *Morning Prayer*; the recit. and aria, "God shall wipe away all tears," from Mr Sullivan's *Light of the World*, and in the duet, with Mr Christian, "I sought the Lord," from Sir Michael Costa's *Naaman*. Mr Pearson was encored in "The soft southern breeze" (J. Barnby), in a song by Rastrelli, "Laura." Miss Agnes Larkoom was recalled after "Casta Diva;" and Mr Christian, on being encored in M. Gounod's charming song, "Maid of Athens," gave Mr A. S. Gatty's "The gallants of England." Madlle Bertha Brouil obtained quite an ovation in a violin solo, "The Bird on the Tree" (Hauser). Two Trios,—Curshmann's "Ti Prego," and Randegger's popular *I Naviganti* (encored)—were also sung. Mr Couldrey presided at the harmonium, and Mr J. H. Gower was solo pianist and conductor.

NOTTINGHAM.—*The Guardian* of February 14th says that, "with weather as wretched as it is possible to imagine, it was not surprising that Mr Farmer's operatic concert at the Mechanics' Hall was scantily attended. The body of the hall was not half filled, and in the balcony also there was a discouraging number of empty seats. This was the more unfortunate because the concert was of a kind not often given in Nottingham." Mesdames Trebelli, Roze-Perkins and Risarelli; Signors Paladini, Del Puente, and Herr Behrens, were the vocalists, assisted by M. Jules de Swert, violoncellist. Mdme Trebelli among other things sang, in faultless style, "Nobil Signor" (*Les Huguenots*), and, on being encored, Offenbach's "C'est l'Espagne," and Miss Emily Farmer's charming ballad, "Shall I wear a white rose." Mdme Trebelli sang it in perfection, but, owing to having so much more to go through in the concert, was compelled to decline acceding to the hearty demand for its repetition. The other vocalists were received with great favour, and Signor Randegger's trio "I Naviganti," sung by Mdme Risarelli, Signor Paladini, and Del Puente, pleased immensely. Not the least attraction of the concert were the performances of M. Jules de Swert on the violoncello. Both his selections were loudly encored. Mr F. H. Cowen accompanied throughout, and he performed his important duty most effectively.

LUXEMBOURG.—The third concert of Classical Music, given by MM. Van Acker and Vermast, was even more successful than the two concerts which preceded it. His Royal Highness, Prince Henri, who was among the audience, congratulated the two concert-givers on the gratifying result of their labours.

FLORENCE.—Sig. Branco's opera, *La Catalana*, has been successfully produced at the Teatro della Pergola. The composer was called on twenty-two times the first night. Signora Durand was exceedingly good in the part of the heroine. She was well supported in the other leading parts by Signora Fancioni and Sig. Silvestri.

VENICE.—Sig. Pisani's new opera, *La Gitana*, has been produced at the Fenice, but has not achieved a very great success.

PISA.—Sig. Verdi's *Aida* will shortly be produced here.

ROME.—*Il Guarany*, by Sig. Gomez, has been for some time in rehearsal at the Teatro Apollo. Signora Borghi-Memo will sustain the principal female character.

BREMEN.—Herr Conradi's one-act comic opera, *Rubezahl*, has been performed with great success. This is the fortieth German theatre at which it has been produced.

BOLOGNA.—Sig. Gobati's opera, *I Goti*, has been performed at the Teatro Brunetti, but was far from exciting the enthusiasm it excited two years ago. The only piece heartily applauded, and encored, was the overture. The remainder of the work met with a rather cold reception, and, on the second night, there were but few persons in the house.

ANNE BOLEYN.

(To the Editor of "The Musical World.")

SIR,—More fortunate than litigants, authors have not to await the passing of the Lord Chancellor's Bill for their Final Court of Appeal. They have such a court already in the public, to whom they are, luckily, free to refer all questions arising on the judgments of the Critics' Tribunal of First Instance. Now, these judgments on my play of *Anne Boleyn*, differing in many points—as, indeed, they were pretty sure to do on any play dealing with this heroine—agreed in one particular, that the play, as produced, was too long.

After seeing it the first night, I quite agreed with them, and can only plead as my excuse for not discovering this sooner the difficulty—well known to practical dramatists now-a-days—of ascertaining exactly, before production, how long a new play will take in acting, and in what parts abbreviation may be made with best effect.

My play included a prologue intended to exhibit the character of Anne Boleyn in her earlier days, before the declaration of the King's passion. This act, divided from the next by an interval of several years, admitted of excision without interference with the rest of the action. I have therefore suppressed it. Thus lightened, and subjected in other passages to the judicious use of the "pruning-knife," which is such a favourite instrument of critical surgery, my drama, as now acted, is over by eleven.

This is so important a matter in these days of semi-suburban audiences, that I venture to ask the aid of your columns to make it known to that large portion of the public which is forced to take train-tables into account in arranging its evening amusements. Judging from the reception of my play thus far, I think I may say, without laying myself open to the charge of undue partiality for my own work, that *Anne Boleyn*, as now acted, is not felt by the audience to be too long or too dull.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TOM TAYLOR.

—o—
WAIFS.

Mr and Mrs Charles Mathews have arrived in London from India.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced with signal success at Rouen.

St Paul's and Salisbury are the only Cathedrals that have no peal of bells.

Mr Charles Oberthür has returned from his professional tour in Germany.

A dramatic version of *Bleak House* will be brought out shortly at the Globe Theatre, with a special cast.

Mdlle Judie, recovered from her indisposition, has resumed her part of Molda, in the *Timbale d'Argent*.

The restoration of the tombs of La Fontaine and Molière, in the Cemetery of Père Lachaise, has been commenced.

Mdlle de Belocca has just been singing Mignon, in French, at the Lille Theatre, when she received quite an ovation.

The rehearsals of M. Sardou's new play, *Piccolino*, have been suspended for a while, owing to the indisposition of its author.

The committee of the Royal Academy of Music entertained the Principal (Dr Macfarren) at a dinner, at the Arts Club, on Tuesday.

Prince Leopold will be President of the Royal Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society, whilst the Duke of Edinburgh is in command of his ship.

Rossini's superb opera, *Moïse* (which we would seem to have buried in England), has been revived with marked approval at Marseilles.

The rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival have begun, and there is every indication that the chorus will sustain its old and well-deserved reputation.

The Abbé Liszt will resume his functions of President of the Musical Academy at Pesth immediately. He has passed the greater part of the winter in Rome.

In a box of books left by Alexandre Dumas at Naples has been found the manuscript of an unpublished drama by the celebrated author, entitled *Le Léguane*.

Madame Christine Nilsson has returned from Paris to Nice, in order to rejoin her ailing husband, whose medical advisers have recommended Mentone as his temporary residence.

Mr Maybrick, who was unable to sing at Mr Henry Leslie's concert at St James's Hall, on Thursday, owing to a sudden bronchial attack, has gone to Hastings for a week's repose.

M. Lecocq is at Milan, where, previous to the production of his *Pompon*, a special representation was got up in his honour at the Teatro Dal Verme, consisting of extracts from several of his operas.

Madame Annette Essipoff has been playing with brilliant success at the Philharmonic Concerts in Vienna, and has won unanimous applause by her performance of Beethoven's magnificent fourth concerto.

The publication of Mr J. F. Barnett's new cantata, *The Good Shepherd*, by Messrs Hutchings and Romer, will take place in time for the first performance of the work at Mr Kuhe's Brighton Festival.

It is proposed to form a body of amateur players of musical instruments in London who shall hold themselves at the disposal of clergymen who may wish to give services with orchestra on special occasions.

The *Hamlet* of M. Ambroise Thomas is in rehearsal at the Fenice in Venice, and will be directly followed by a new opera called *Leah*, from the pen of Sig. Schira, whose *Selvaggia* obtained so great a success last year.

Mr Celli is re-engaged by Mr Carl Rosa for his English Opera Company, owing to the success of the young baritone last season. Mr Celli, we are informed, has refused a handsome offer to join an Italian opera company.

Dr Macfarren (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music) and Mr Brinley Richards have been appointed examiners for "special subjects" (composition and pianoforte playing), at the College of the Tonic Sol-fa Association.

We are requested to state that the Mr Frederick Clay, who has announced, according to our Manchester correspondent, to give a series of concerts, is not the Frederick Clay whom we all know and esteem as one of our best musicians and composers.

The journals of Lyons which have received M. Lecocq's *Pompon* (a failure in Paris) with such unanimous praise, now declare that neither the Parisian journalists nor the Parisian amateurs have a grain of common sense. There is something to be said on both sides.

The Italian Opera performances are to begin in Paris at the Théâtre Ventadour on the 20th of April, under the direction of M. Léon Escudier, proprietor of *L'Art Musical*. The first opera produced is to be Verdi's *Aida*, and the season will last for two months.

Sig. Rossi, the Italian tragedian, does not seem to have pleased his Parisian admirers as the hero of Cossa's play, *Nerone*, anything like so much as in his other characters. Why does he not try the *Gladiatore*, which is really, as Sig. Salvini made evident, an effective drama?

M. Offenbach, on his return from Vienna, being present at a performance, in Strasburg, of his operetta, *La Périchole*, was serenaded afterwards, under the balcony of his hotel, by the musicians of the orchestra, who played his by no means remarkable overture to *Les Bavards*.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh has kindly consented to devote the proceeds of the Royal Albert Hall Orchestral Society's next concert to the benefit of the London Hospital. The date fixed by the Duke is the 4th of March, a period closely preceding his departure from England.

The Choir understands that Dr Stainer, organist of St Paul's Cathedral, has been ordered to leave London for two months, as his sight is not yet considered free from danger. Meanwhile, Mr Martin does duty at St Paul's, and Dr Bridge, of Westminster, is taking the Crystal Palace harmony class.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Friday next, the 25th inst., will be a "Beethoven Night" at Exeter Hall, the works being the famous Mass in C (last performed in 1870) and the *Mount of Olives*. Mdme Lennens-Sherrington, Miss Julia Elton, Mr Henry Guy, and Mr Lewis Thomas, are the principal vocalists.

Last Sunday week, being the anniversary of Sir Sterndale Bennett's death, the anthem and the voluntaries before and after the afternoon service at Westminster Abbey were selected from the works of the deceased composer. The grave was covered with wreaths of flowers placed there by reverent hands.

The Council of Trinity College, London, has instituted a preliminary "arts" examination of a moderate standard, which all future candidates for its musical diplomas will be expected to pass. This is to be noted as the first step taken in this direction by any English examining body in connection with the musical faculty.

We read in the New York papers that Signor Brignoli, the well-known and popular tenor, made his *début* at the Tietjens Italian operatic representations in New York with great success, and that he was especially applauded for his admirable singing of "Di pescatore ignobile." The next opera for Mdlle Tietjens was to be the *Trovatore*.

A movement has been set on foot in Italy, and supported with much enthusiasm, to concentrate every great public artistic demonstration at Rome,—as though Rome were to Italy what Paris is to France. Angry protests, however, and not without good show of reason, have proceeded from Florence, Venice, and other great cities of the Peninsula.

On Saturday night a fire broke out at the Théâtre-François, in the "Magasin des accessoires, and, but for the timely arrival of the *concierge* in the early morning, and the adventitious co-operation of some passers-by, the time-honoured edifice might have been reduced to ashes. Happily, only an inconsiderable amount of property has been destroyed.—*Graphic*.

Signor Arditi leaves London for Vienna to-day, in order to conduct performances of Italian Opera. The company engaged includes Madame Patti, Madame Lucca, Mdle Heilbron, Signor Marini, Signor Nicolini, M. Capoul, and other artists of eminence. Signor Arditi's well-known "L'Estasi" has just been sung in St Petersburg by Madame Patti, with great success.

Letters from New York bring the distressing news of a great fire having occurred in the theatre at Cincinnati, during a representation for the benefit of the needier scholars in public schools. Full details have not yet appeared, but several deaths are reported, and severe injuries, especially to children, who were trampled under foot by the terrified crowd.—Mdle Tietjens has appeared both in *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trovatore* at the Academy of Music, New York, the tenor being Sig. Brignoli.

We very much regret to learn that the publication of Professor Macfarren's Cambridge lectures is not in accordance with University procedure. The present course is on "Form in Musical Composition" and would be specially valuable at a time when even composers appear to know very little about the subject. We trust, however, that the learned lecturer may soon be able, without infringing any rule, to give us the advantages limited for the present, to his Cambridge audience.—*Concordia*.

A representation for the benefit of the families of those who suffered by the recent awful calamity at St Etienne was given on Tuesday at the Grand Opera. M. Halanzier, also, it is said, contemplates devoting to the same purpose the receipts of the grand ball announced for Saturday the 26th inst. The two donations together are likely to exceed £3,000. M. Halanzier's success since the opening of the new Opera enables him to make such a sacrifice without much hurt; but it will not be on that account an act less generous and munificent.—*Graphic*.

SIGNOR BRIGNOLI IN NEW YORK.—Signor Brignoli's worshippers ought to be as numerous as ever, for time has touched him so gently that it seemed hard to realise that many years had gone by since his last appearance in this city. The popular tenor is unchanged, vocally and physically. He has retained his dulcet tones, his singular methods, his limited stock of gestures, and his plunging walk, but he has also retained the art of pleasing in a simple and melodious romance; and hence "Di pescatore," and Arditi's "La Spia" (introduced in the third act) were heartily applauded.

It is reported, on authority for which we cannot vouch, that Mr Santley's engagement with the Carl Rosa Opera Company will prevent his appearance at any of the provincial Festivals this year. Seeing how valuable are the services of the eminent baritone on such occasions, the news, if true, will excite general regret. Mr Sims Reeves has, it is said, accepted an engagement to take part in the Festival of the Three Choirs at Hereford, where, also, Mr Cummings and Madame Patey will be heard. Mr Reeves's co-operation at Birmingham is reported to be doubtful; that of Mr Vernon Rigby, hardly so.—*Concordia*.

The music of the late Hector Berlioz, against which so long and deep-seated a prejudice existed in France, and more especially in Paris, seems now to be gradually enlisting public sympathy. At the last concert of the Conservatoire, the first and second parts of his *Damnation de Faust* formed a conspicuous feature in the programme.—The death of Thérèse Grünbaum, the original of Weber's *Euryanthe*, the "German Catalini," as she used to be called, occurred recently at Berlin. Mdme Grünbaum was the daughter of Wenzel Müller, who, in consequence of the familiar style and wide popularity of his works, earned the designation of the "People's Composer."—*Graphic*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—On Tuesday next Burnand's popular burlesque, *Black-eyed Susan*, as played upwards of 600 times, and which is now performed nightly at the Duke's Theatre, will be produced at the Alexandra Palace, supported by Miss Oliver, Miss Bland, and Messrs Dewar and Danvers. On Thursday Boucicault's comedy, *London Assurance* (the first of a series of eight popular plays at popular prices), will be given; and at the Saturday Popular Concert on the 26th inst. the solo vocalists will include Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr Henry Guy. M. Lasserre will perform a solo on the violoncello, and part-songs by Bishop, Webbe, Clement Smith, and Hill, will be rendered by the Alexandra Palace choir. The temporary skating rink will be open daily in the Banqueting Hall, the company's military band will play throughout the week, and the prizes in the forthcoming Art Union Distribution will be on view in the picture gallery.

We are glad to hear that, after some little naturally-to-be-expected hitches, the new arrangements at Westminster Abbey are working with tolerable smoothness. The regular rehearsals of the choir—so necessary that it is difficult to understand how the most obstinate and impracticable member of any choir could dream of resisting them—are, we believe, settling down into a habit, and the benefit arising therefrom to the services must in the end be felt.—*Musical Standard*.

M. Van Biene, the popular violoncellist, has accepted a fortnight's engagement as soloist at the Southport Winter Gardens, to commence in the month of March, after which he will leave England to fulfill professional engagements in Holland and Belgium. M. Van Biene brings with him a trio of first-class instrumentalists. The following extract from a report describing a performance recently given by the same company in Lancashire gives some idea of his marvellous execution:—"There are things which Mons. Biene performs with his violoncello that must be heard to be realised. It is said of Paganini that some of the Tuscan peasantry believed him to be leagued with the devil, and they tried to satisfy themselves how it came to pass that he was such a player. Well, if it were possible for a stringed instrument to make such a compact we should say that Mons. Biene had accomplished that. His playing is expressive, romantic, exciting, and soul-stirring." [Our contemporary says much more of M. Van Biene, but our space will not allow us to exceed the limits here inevitably prescribed.]

Dr Macfarren is delivering a course of lectures, in his capacity as Professor of Music, at Cambridge University. Our readers, we hoped, would have had the advantage of a report of these; but at the last moment we are informed that it is against the custom of the university to publish such reports. So much the worse for the custom of the University. In other public matters the agency of journalism in increasing publicity is valued and used, with the best results all round. By its means a speaker, if he has anything of value to say, sets in motion a river of thought, where otherwise he would scarcely start a brooklet; the result being extended fame and influence to him, extended benefit to others, and extended resort to the scene of his instruction. Our "ancient Universities," however, are, by nature, the last to accept a broad view of such matters; and we cannot say we are surprised to find ourselves foiled in the intention of reporting Dr Macfarren's lectures on "Form," though we have no conception what reason of any weight exists to prevent it. In France university lectures are open free to any one who chooses to attend them.—*Musical Standard*.

The first business of the Sacred Harmonic Society is to present the masterpieces of oratorio in their complete form; but it may, without any stretch of imagination, be assumed to have a subordinate duty, especially as regards the works of Handel. Many of the sacred dramas which came from the pen of that great genius cannot now be given in their entirety, for reasons as well known as they are sufficient. Yet there is not one but contains a good deal deprived of which the musical world suffers serious loss. And the question is, Shall these inspirations be sacrificed to the idea that, if a work cannot be performed as a whole, it should not be heard in part? The Sacred Harmonic Society, under recent management, has, perhaps, been over-timed in giving this question what we conceive to be the true answer. But the reply came on Friday night, and was so emphatic and so well received that the difficulty may be looked upon as settled once for all. The "selection" performed consisted, it is true, of airs and choruses more or less familiar; but the principle involved has been recognised, and nothing now stands in the way of our enjoying, from time to time, the masterpieces which are thickly scattered through the neglected oratorios of the composer.—*Daily Telegraph*.

It has long been known that the Sacred Harmonic Society has at its command one of the finest bands in London. It has also long been regretted that so fine a body should never be allowed the opportunity for the special display of united ability such as that which would present itself in the performance of an orchestral work. On Friday night week, room was made for the "Reformation Symphony" of Mendelssohn, the work being chosen probably because of its quasi religious title. But this is not the place to speculate upon the reason which induced the Society to produce the work, it is sufficient to be able to congratulate all concerned upon the removal of the ground for regret, and the satisfactory establishment of a precedent which, it may be trusted, will be followed by the occasional production of other works of like character. Most instrumental music without words, and not of avowedly secular character, might be fairly included in the list of works to be done; and, as there is reason for believing that the programme of last Friday week was attractive, it may be expedient to repeat the like experiment from time to time. Whatever may be the merits of the so-called standard oratorios, which are usually given entire, there are many others possessing features of sufficient interest to justify the performance of an extract or two on a similar plan to that of Friday week.—*Globe*.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—The representation of Mr Shirley Brooks' *Card Basket* has deservedly met with very great success at St George's Hall, and has enjoyed a much greater run than that of any former revival. The refined acting of Mrs German Reed, who, as Miss Clutchley, brings out every point of humour with consummate art, and the blustering Major of Mr Bishop—a complete picture of the irritability of old age, worked out with a wonderful perfection of detail—are prominent features of the performance, which, with the able exertions of other artists, has proved highly attractive. The *Card Basket* will be withdrawn on the 27th inst., and on the following evening a New First Part, entitled *The Rartch-Poot: or, An Indian Puzzle*, will be produced, in which the Brothers A'Beckett have had recourse to Indian magic to clothe in a new and fanciful dress some of the most interesting "storybook" characters that delighted childhood. In addition to the above novelty, Mr Grain will shortly give a Musical Sketch of a now popular pastime, under the title of *Slaves of the Rink*.

The popularity of Mendelssohn's first oratorio was shown on Thursday evening week in striking fashion. It cannot be said that the Albert Hall stands at the doors of the majority of Londoners, or that it is particularly easy of access. Neither should we be justified in stating that the oratorio performances given by Mr William Carter have secured that reputation for excellence which everybody hopes they may some day enjoy. Nevertheless, thousands of amateurs crowded into the big building, and heard *St Paul* with a sustained interest such as, a few years ago, was hardly anticipated in connection with a work framed to such an extent on the model of Sebastian Bach. It is easy to account for the immediate and unexampled favour accorded to *Elijah*. In Mendelssohn's last oratorio we have an exciting story, told in dramatic fashion, and surrounded by all the attractive features which such an engaging genius as the composer could command when his aim was to please. *St Paul* has none of these popular advantages, or presents them only in a modified and scarcely appreciable form. But—and here we repeat what has been said many times before in these columns—as a work of sacred art built on lines of severe and classic dignity, and as always sustaining a flight which stoops not to catch the eye of those below it, *St. Paul* commands the reverence of musicians to a greater extent than the companion work. Wherefore its growing popularity after long years of neglect is a good and welcome sign.—*Daily Telegraph*.

A gathering of much interest to English musicians took place on Thursday evening week at the Royal Academy of Music, under the presidency of Dr. G. A. Macfarren, the Principal of the Institution and Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. The main purpose of the evening was the trial of the new concert-room, which has been erected for the students' combined practices, and for the terminal concerts which were formerly given at the Hanover Square Rooms, but which have, since the closing of that establishment, taken place at St. James's Hall. The new room, which is lofty and well adapted for its objects, will, with the galleries which still remain to be erected, provide seat accommodation for some 700 or 800 people, and there is a large orchestra with a space for the organ at the back. The music performed on the occasion opened with the National Anthem, and, in honour of Mendelssohn's birthday, this was followed by the chorus, "The night is departing," and the chorale "Now all men praise the Lord," from his *Lobgesang*. The other items in the programme were mainly selected from the works of former principals of the Academy, and included a movement from the overture to Crotch's *Palestine* and Cipriani Potter's *Pezzi di bravura*, No. 1 (played by Mr. W. H. Holmes); the madrigal, "Ah, fading joys," by Charles Lucas, and an Andante by the same composer on a subject from the opera of the *Regicide*; Sterndale Bennett's *Preludes and Lessons*, and Macfarren's canzonet from the second sonata, *Ma Cousine*, with Mr. Holmes at the pianoforte; and, finally, two part-songs, "More Life" and "Shepherds all and maidens fair," by Mr. Walter Macfarren, the director of the students' orchestral practices, who last night conducted the choir. The performance efficiently tested the acoustic properties of the new room, and Dr. Macfarren was generally congratulated on this important and long-needed addition to the resources of the Academy. Among the eminent musicians present were Mr. Henry Leslie, Mr. Brinley Richards, Dr. Charles Steggall, and the leading supporters of the institution.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

WINTERTHUR.—Herr Rieter-Biedermann, the music-publisher, died here on the 25th ult., aged 65.

BRESLAU.—Herr Julius Butts, of Wiesbaden, formerly holder of the Meyerbeer Scholarship, took the pianoforte part, at the eighth Concert for Chamber Music, in Friedrich Kiel's A minor Quartet, and in Beethoven's Sonata, in F minor, Op. 57. The programme included, also, R. Schumann's Stringed Quartet, Op. 41, No. 3.

PALERMO.—It is reported that *Aida* will be performed here in the spring.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—Verdi's *Requiem* has achieved a great success at the Imperial Theatre. The singers were Mesdames Stolz, Cary, M. Capoul, and Sig. Bagagiolo. It was the first time the Empress had attended the theatre this season. Her Majesty ordered her especial congratulations to be conveyed to Mad. Stolz.

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